

MEMOIRS OF THE  
EXTRAORDINARY LIFE,  
WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES  
OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS



ALEXANDER POPE



**Memoirs of  
the  
extraordinary  
life, works,...  
By Mr. Pope**

Alexander  
Pope

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Mr. Pope — Memoirs of  
Martinus Scriblerus

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**MEMOIRS OF *MARTINUS*  
*SCRIBLERUS*.**

# BOOK I.

*The END of the Firft BOOK.*

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MEMOIRS Of the Extraordinary LIFE,  
WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES OF  
*MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.*

By Mr. POPE.

*DUBLIN:* Printed by and for GEORGE  
FAULKNER. M.DCC.XLI.



## INTRODUCTION TO THE READER.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which notwithstanding those happy Times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou may'st possibly, gentle Reader, have seen a certain Venerable Person who frequented the Outside of the Palace of St. James's, and who by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decay'd Gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclin'd to Aquiline, his beard neglected and mix'd with grey: All this contributed to spread a solemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was

not more silent, Pyrrho more  
motionless, nor Zeno more austere.  
His Wig was as black and smooth as  
the plumes of a Raven, and hung as  
straight as the hair of a River-God  
rising from the water. His Cloak so  
completely covered his whole  
person, that whether or no he had  
any other cloaths (much less any  
linen) under it, I shall not say; but  
his sword appear'd a full yard behind  
him, and his manner of wearing it  
was so stiff, that it seem'd grown to  
his Thigh. his whole figure was so  
utterly unlike any thing of this  
world, that it was not natural for  
any man to ask him a question  
without blessing himself first, Those  
who never saw a *Jesuit*, took him for  
one, and others believed him some  
*High Priest of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was  
conceal'd a Mind replete with

Science, burning with a Zeal of benefiting his fellowcreatures, and filled with an honest conscious Pride, mix'd with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a Philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the same time that his body seem'd but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly payed for what he had when he eat or drank, and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declin'd speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry; who either out of Jealousy or Envy,

had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happen'd that a Manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant pick'd up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contain'd many most profound Secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri*. The Book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceiv'd that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceiv'd was some great Philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavour'd to speak to him,

which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuscript was fallen into my hands: and saying this, I presented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aside, survey'd me over with a fix'd attention, and opening the clasps of the Parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprize) in English, as follows.

" Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or the destin'd time is come which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me



is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very coy Miftrefs: Watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her, through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this Island (a soil fruitful of Philosophers) but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind expresses against those who are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I am forc'd to take Sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the Revenge of a cruel Spaniard who has pursued me almost through the whole ter-

raqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the City of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a Lady who was marked with a Pomegranate upon the inside of her right Thigh, which blossom'd, and, as it were, seem'd to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful Phaenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion encrease as the season advanced, till in the month of July I could no longer contain. I bribed her Duenna, was admitted to the Bath, saw her undress'd, and the wonder display'd. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who finding some letters I had writ to the Duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the Purity of my Thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends,

have been purfued, dogg'd, and way-laid through feveral Nations, and even now fcarce think my felf fecure within the fared walls of this Palace. It has been my good fortune to have feen all the grand Phaenomena of Nature, excepting an Earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by means of fome Britifh Ship (whole Colours no Spaniard dares approach) I impatiently expect, a fafe paffage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee my Friend, whom Fate has marked for my Hiftorographer, I leave thefe my Commentaries, and others of my works, No more—be faithful and impartial."

He foon after performed his promife, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alfo further lights by many Conferences; when he was

unfortunately snatch'd away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen's Ministry.

Tho' I was thus to my eternal grief depriv'd of his conversation, he for some years continued his Correspondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elaps'd, I have reason to believe this excellent Person is either dead, or carry'd by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscover'd Region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no

longer to be delay'd, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the History of his life, and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.



## CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Family of *Scriblerus*, how he was begot, what Care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodigies attended his Birth.

IN the City of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profession an Antiquary; who among all his invaluable Curiosities, esteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper-end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations (among which were reckon'd Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the Times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: For such was the name of this venerable Personage; whose glory it was, that by the singular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Cast from his family.

His wife was a Lady of fingular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happen'd on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance who was skilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamour'd, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Mistrifs. I am not ignorant of what \*Columefius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken but he perceiv'd it; and in Revenge suffer'd this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the iffue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falshood of this Report. Dr. Cornelius was further induced to his marriage,

from the certain information that the aforefaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's fide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Befides which, her Ancestors had been profeffors of Phyfick, Aftrology, or Chymiftry, in German Univerfities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our fober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conftant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleffed them with any iffue. This was the utmoft grief to the good man; efpecially confidering what exact Precautions and Methods he had ufed to procure that Bleffing: for he never had cohabitation with

his spouse, but he ponder'd on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to <sup>†</sup>Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat which that author inveighs against, as prejudicial to the understanding of the Infant: This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miscarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Faetus, he comforted himself, that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answer'd his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the Embryo in a



Vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this Author asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at West, a wind on which that great Philosopher bestowed the Encomiums of Father of the earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air.<sup>†</sup>

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and, (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable Estate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determin'd to set apart several annual Sums, for the recovery of *Manuscripts*, the effusion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second *Peireskios*. He had already chalked

out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepar'd for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had compos'd two Treatises of Education; the one he call'd *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Comfort of Musick once in twenty four hours, according to the Custom of the Magi: and that on a particular day, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilus Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended

upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the Accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's Parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Astrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal Genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to

be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the Column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my Conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's Will.

*'I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inscription on the Column in the Center of the seven Streets which I erected. 'LOC. NAT. INCLUT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.'*" But Mr. Neale's Order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs.



Scriblerus dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which issued several large streams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewise a \* *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of Crabs: This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his Wit. A great swarm of † *Wasps* play'd round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: This seem'd a certain preface of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *Mushroom*: This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long

duration to his works: but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous *Fowl*, which just then dropt through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a Swan, and was concluding his son would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper kite which had broke its leafh by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Phyllick, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several Nodes of his voluminous tail were diversify'd with several

branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logick, a knot of Metaphysick, a knot of Cafuiftry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a Report in the family, that as foon as he was born he uttered the voice of nine feveral animals: he cry'd like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Mag-pye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Goofe, and bray'd like an Afs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoyced at all thefe figns, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more

particularly pleased with the laft, as  
it nearly refembled what happen'd  
at the birth of \*Homer.

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## Notes

- \* Columefius relates this from Ifaac  
Voffius, in his Opufcul. p. 102. ↵
- † Galen Lib. de Cibis boni & mali  
fucci. cap. 3. ↵
- || Arift. 14. Sect. Prob. 5. ↵
- † Religion of Nature, Sect. 5. Parag.  
15. ↵
- || Ramfey's Cyrus. ↵
- \* Virgil's Laurel Donat. ↵
- † Plato, Lucan, &c. ↵
- \* Vid. Euftrat. in Odyff. l. 12. ex  
Alex. Paphio. & Leo. Allat. de patr.  
Hom. pag. 45. ↵

CHAP. II.

The Speech of *Cornelius*  
over his Son, at the Hour  
of his Birth.

NO sooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the Room, and snatching it in his arms, examin'd every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleas'd to find, that the Child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry Neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other Defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the Midwife grown out of all patience, snatch'd it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "

Swaddle him? (quoth he) far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious Custom! Is not my son a Man? and is not Man the Lord of the Universe? Is it thus you use this Mo-



narch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural Liberty, at least have some to his natural Faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his Fingers! a power, which in the small circle of a year may be totally abolish'd, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His Ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed Nurse, for ever lye flat and immoveable. Not so the Ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often describ'd *arrectis auribus*." " " What a devil (quoth the Midwife) would you have your son move his Ears like a Drill?" " " Yes fool (said

he) why should he not have the perfection of a Drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose. " My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone: We have but one child, and can not afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own eye." All the Gossips with one voice, cry'd, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner. " What, bred at home? Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a Cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous Globe is too small a Range; were it permitted, he should at least make the

Tour of the whole Syſtem of the  
Sun. Let other Mortals pore upon  
Maps, and ſwallow the legends of  
lying travellers; the ſon of Cornelius  
ſhall make his own Legs his  
Compaſſes; with thoſe he ſhall  
meaſure Continents, Iſlands, Capes,  
Bays, Streights, and Iſthmus's: He  
ſhall himſelf take the altitude of the  
higheſt mountains, from the piek of  
Derby to the piek of Tenariff; when  
he has viſited the top of Taurus,  
Imaus, Caucaſus, and the famous  
Ararat where Noah's Ark firſt  
moor'd, he may take a flight view of  
the ſnowy Riphaeans; nor would I  
have him neglect Athos and  
Olympus, renowned for poetical  
fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will  
deſerve a more particular attention:  
I will therefore have him obſerve  
with great care Veſuvius, Aetna, the  
burning mountain of Java, but  
chiefly Hecla the greateſt rarity in

the Northern Regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the Mephitick cave. When he has div'd into the bowels of the earth, and survey'd the works of Nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of Vulcanos, Earthquakes, Thunders, Tempests and Hurricanes, I hope he will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain: Then will I have him cross the seven Gulphs, measure the currents in the fifteen famous Streights, and search for those fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the Ocean."—At these last words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible Scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong hyſteric Fit; which might have prov'd dangerous,

if Cornelius had not been push'd out  
of the room by the united force of  
the women.

### CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the  
Doctor's Son and his  
Shield, on the Day of the  
Chrift'ning.



THE day of the Chrif't'ning being come, and the houfe filled with Goffips, the Levity of whose Con- verfation fuited but ill with the Gra- vity of Dr. Cornelius, he caft about how to pafs this day more agreeably to his Character; that is to fay, not without fome *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without obfervance of fome *Ancient Cuftom*.

He remembred to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield; and being poffefs'd of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a moft ineftimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be fhown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caufed him formerly to compile

a Differtation concerning it, proving from the feveral properties, and particularly the colour of the Ruft, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatife, and a moderate fupper, he propofed to entertain his Guefts; tho' he had alfo another defign, to have their affiftance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Cafe (in which he always kept it leaft it might contract any modern ruft), and entrusted it to his Houfe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come fhe fhould lay the Child carefully in it, cover'd with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Guefts were no fooner feated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the

Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner.

*This day, my Friends, I purpofe to exhibit my fon before you; a Child not wholly unworthy of Infpection, as he is defcended from a Race of Virtuofi. Let the Philognomifts examine his features; let the Chirographifts behold his Palm; but above all let us confult for the calculation of his Nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not prefent him unto you in a vulgar manner. He fhall be cradled in my Ancient Shield, fo famous through the Univerfities of Europe. You all know how I purchas'd that invaluable piece of Antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the Plate of our family, how happily I carry'd it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of*

*all Germany. Happy in every  
circumstance, but that it broke the  
heart of the great Melchior Infipi-  
dus!*

Here he stopp'd his Speech, upon  
sight of the Maid, who enter'd the  
room with the Child: He took it in  
his arms and proceeded:

*Behold then my Child, but first  
behold the Shield: Behold this Rust,  
—or rather let me call it this  
precious Aerugo,—behold this  
beautiful Varnish of Time,—this  
venerable Verdure of so many Ages*  
—

In speaking these words, he slowly  
lifted up the Mantle, which cover'd  
it, inch by inch; but at every inch he  
uncovered, his cheeks grew paler,  
his hand trembled, his nerves failed,  
till on sight of the whole the Tremor

became univerfal: The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only ftrength enough to cry out, *O God! my Shield, my Shield!*

The Truth was, the Maid (extreamly concern'd for the reputation of her own cleanlinefs, and her young mafter's honour) had fcoured it as clean as her Andirons.

Cornelius funk back on a chair, the Guefts ftood aftonifhed, the infant fquawl'd, the maid ran in, fnatch'd it up again in her arms, flew into her miftreffes room, and told what had happen'd. Down ftairs in an instant hurried all the Goffips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance: Hungary water, Hartfhorn, and the confus'd noife of fhrill voices, at length awaken'd him: when opening his eyes, he faw the Shield in the

hands of the Housemaid. O Woman!  
Woman! he cry'd (and snatch'd it  
violently from her) was it to thy  
ignorance that this Relick owes its  
ruin? where, where is the beautiful  
Cruft that cover'd thee so long?  
where those Traces of Time, and  
Fingers as it were of Antiquity?  
Where all those beautiful obscurities,  
the cause of much delightful  
disputation, where doubt and  
curiosity went hand in hand and  
eternally exercised the speculations  
of the learned? All this the rude  
Touch of an ignorant woman hath  
done away! The curious Prominence  
at the belly of that figure, which  
some taking for the Cuspis of a  
sword, denominated a Roman  
Soldier; others accounting the  
Insignia Virilia, pronounc'd to be one  
of the Dii Termini; behold she hath  
cleaned it in like shameful sort, and  
shown to be the head of a Nail. O



*my Shield! my Shield! well may I  
lay with Horace, non bene relictæ  
Parmula.*

The Gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt? and cry'd, *Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a Bason, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung at his shop door. A Bason! (cry'd another) no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paultry old Sconce, with the nozzle broke off.* The learned Gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declar'd their Assent to this latter opinion; and desir'd Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a

*Sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent Fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of flumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Suction and  
Nutrition of the Great  
*Scriblerus* in his Infancy,  
and of the first  
Rudiments of his Learning.

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he  
rais'd himself on his elbow, and  
casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus,  
spoke as follows. *Wifely was it said  
by Homer, that in the Cellar of  
Jupiter are two barrels, the one of  
good, the other of evil, which he  
never bestows on mortals  
separately, but constantly mingles  
them together. Thus at the same  
time hath Heav'n blest'd me with  
the birth of a Son, and afflicted me  
with the scouring of my Shield. Yet  
let us not repine at his  
Dispensations, who gives and who  
takes away; but rather join in  
prayer, that the Rust of Antiquity  
which he hath been pleas'd to take  
from my Shield, may be added to  
my Son; and that so much of it as it  
is my purpose he shall contract in his  
Education, may never be destroy'd  
by any Modern Polishing.*

He cou'd no longer bear the sight of the Shield, but order'd it should be remov'd for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchas'd by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp incrusted it with a new Ruft, and is the same whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his Child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurse, concerning the nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judg'd prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretch'd her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect. *Had'st thou read*

*the Ancients, O Nurse, thou would'st  
prefer the welfare of the Infant  
which thou nourish'st, to the  
indulging of an irregular and  
voracious Appetite. Beef, it is true,  
may confer a Robustness on the  
limbs of my son, but will hebetate  
and clogg his Intellectuals. While he  
spoke this, the Nurse look'd upon  
him with much anger, and now and  
then cast a wishful eye upon the  
Beef—Passion (continu'd the Doctor,  
still holding the dish) throws the  
mind into too violent a  
fermentation; it is a kind of Fever of  
the soul, or, as Horace expresses it,  
a Short Madness. Consider Woman,  
that this day's Suction of my son  
may cause him to imbibe many  
ungovernable Passions, and in a  
manner spoil him for the temper of a  
Philosopher. Romulus by sucking a  
Wolf, became of a fierce and savage  
disposition; and were I to breed*



*some Ottoman Emperor or Founder  
of a Military Commonwealth,  
perhaps I might indulge thee in this  
carnivorous Appetite.—What,  
interrupted the Nurse, Beef spoil the  
understanding? that's fine indeed—  
how then could our Parson preach as  
he does upon Beef, and Pudding  
too, if you go to that? Don't tell me  
of your Ancients, had not you almost  
kill'd the poor babe with a dish of  
Daemonial black Broth?—Lacede-  
monian black Broth, thou would'st  
say, (reply'd Cornelius) but I cannot  
allow the surfeit to have been  
occasioned by that diet, since it was  
recommended by the Divine  
Lycurgus. No, Nurse, thou must  
certainly have eaten some meats of  
ill digestion the day before, and that  
was the real cause of his disorder.  
Consider Woman, the different  
Temperaments of different Nations:  
What makes the English Phlegmatick*

*and melancholy but Beef? what renders the Welch so hot and cholerick, but cheefe and leeks? the French derive their levity from their Soups, Frogs, and Mushrooms: I would not let my Son dine like an Italian, lest like an Italian he should be jealous and revengeful: The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might induce him with a profound Gravity, but at the same time he might suck in with their food their intolerable Vice of Pride. Therefore Nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not only Beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those Nations eat. During this speech, the Nurse remain'd pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman observing, order'd that the Child, to avoid the risque of imbibing ill humours,*

Should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with Butter mix'd with Honey, according to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concern'd at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular Diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a Sow with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct Insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life pass'd away in squabbles of this

nature. Mrs. Scriblerus consider'd it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*: But Cornelius look'd upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employ'd his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show*, of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gain'd a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In short the old Gentleman so contriv'd it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Drefs. He invented for him a Geo-

graphical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lin'd with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spanish: He was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call *Travelling at home*. He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural history he was much affited by his Curiosity in *Sign-Posts*, infomuch that he hath often confes'd he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found since in any Author, such as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the

fame of Green Men, but had since  
found them mention'd by  
Kercherus, and verify'd in the  
History of William of Newbury.\*

His disposition to the Mathematicks  
was discover'd very early, by his  
drawing <sup>†</sup> parallel lines on his bread  
and butter, and intersecting them at  
equal Angles, so as to form the  
whole Superficies into squares. But  
in the midst of all these  
Improvements, a stop was put to his  
learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he  
let him proceed to Letter D, till he  
could truly and distinctly pronounce  
C in the ancient manner, at which  
the Child unhappily boggled for near  
three months. He was also oblig'd to  
delay his learning to *write*, having  
turn'd away the Writing Master  
because he knew nothing of Fabius's  
Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read, and feriouſly weigh'd the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated, and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolv'd he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtampt with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the child the very firſt day eat as far as Iota. By this particular application to this language above the reſt, he attain'd ſo great a proficiencie therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old; and at fourteen he compoſed a Tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger \*Pliny had



done before him.

He learn'd the Oriental Languages of Erpenius who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a Relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he compos'd (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical Traditions of his *Nurse*.

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## Notes

\* Gul. Neubrig. Book i. Ch. 27. ↵

† Pascal's Life. Locke of Educ. &c. ↵

\* Plin. Epist. Lib. 7. ↵

CHAP. V.

A Differtation upon Play-  
things.

HERE follow the Instructions of  
Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the  
Plays and Play-things to be used by  
his son Martin.

' *Play* was invented by the *Lydians*  
as a remedy against *Hunger*. So-  
phocles says of Palamedes, that he  
invented *Dice* to serve sometimes in-  
stead of a dinner. It is therefore  
wisely contrived by Nature, that  
Children, as they have the keenest  
*Appetites*, are most addicted to  
*Plays*. From the same cause, and  
from the unprejudic'd and incorrupt  
simplicity of their minds it proceeds,  
that the Plays of the Ancient  
Children are preserv'd more entire  
than any other of their Customs. In  
this matter I would recommend to  
all who have any concern in my  
Son's Education, that they deviate  
not in the least from the primitive

and simple Antiquity.

' To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first of all Play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond with the ancient *Fistula*, and accordingly to be compos'd, *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

' I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *Crepitaculum* or *Rattle* of the Ancients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking Earthen Ware. The *China* Cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern *Rattles*; which is an evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

' I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *Top*, till I am better informed whether the *Trochus* which was recommended by *Cato* be really

our present *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *Crofs* and *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and *Drakes* are quite so ancient as *Handy-dandy*, tho' Marcobius and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minutius Foelix describes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mention'd by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

' The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and the French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was play'd at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of *Psyche*, and term'd by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

' Julius Pollux describes the *Omilla* or *Chuck farthing*: tho' some will have our modern *Chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients. He also mentions the *Bafilinda*, or *King I am*; and *Myinda*, or

*Hoopers-Hide.*

' But the *Chytindra* described by the same Author is certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by pinching and not by striking; tho' there are good authors who affirm the *Rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockle*. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

' *Building of Houses*, and *Riding upon Sticks* have been used by children in all ages, *Aedificare casas, equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I must doubt whether the *Riding upon Sticks* did not come into use after the age of the *Centaurs*.

' There is one Play which shews the gravity of ancient Education, call'd the *Acinetinda*, in which children contended who could longest *stand*

*ftill*. This we have suffer'd to perifh entirely; and if I might be allowed to guefs, it was certainly firft loft among the *French*.

' I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidiafcinda*, which can be no other than our *Pufs in a Corner*.

' Julius Pollux in his ninth book fpeaks of the *Melolouthe* or the *Kite*; but I queftion whether the Kite of Antiquity was the fame with ours: And tho' the [...] or *Quailfighting* is what is moft taken notice of, they had doubtlefs *Cock-matches* alfo, as is evident from certain ancient Gems and Relievo's.

' In a word, let my fon Martin difport himfelf at any Game truly Antique, except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their Companions in



a Rope, and gave him a Knife to cut himself down; which if he fail'd in, he was suffer'd to hang till he was dead; and this was only reckon'd a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

' I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty of the *Greek* names, whose Etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of Plays.

Notwithstanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the Child the use of some few modern Play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percussion* and the *Laws of Motion*;

*Nut-crackers* the use of the *Leaver*;  
*Swinging* on the ends of a Board,  
the *Balance*; *Bottle-screws*, the *Vice*;  
*Whirligigs* the *Axis* and *Peritrochia*;  
*Bird-cages*, the *Pully*; and *Tops* the  
*Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were farther  
carry'd to improve his tender soul  
even in Virtue and Morality. We shall  
only instance one of the most useful  
and instructive, *Bob-cherry*, which  
teaches at once two noble Virtues,  
Patience and Constancy; the first in  
adhering to the pursuit of one end,  
the latter in bearing a  
disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a  
diversion, an odd and secret manner  
of *Stealing*, according to the Custom  
of the Lacedaemonians; wherein he  
succeeded so well, that he practis'd  
it to the day of his death.

## CHAP. VI.

Of the *Gymnaſticks*, in what Exercifes *Martinus* was educated; ſomething concerning *Mufick*, and what fort of a Man his Uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest Antiquity, in relation to the *Exercifes* of his Son. He was stript, powder'd, and anointed, but not constantly bath'd, which occasion'd many heavy complaints of the Laundrefs about dirtying his linnen. When he play'd at Quoits, he was allow'd his Breeches and Stockings; because the *Discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked [...] the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports and common Customs, but this was his constant reply, *Let a Daughter be the care of her Mother, but the Education of a Son fhould be the delight of his Father.*

It was about this time, he heard to his exceeding content, that the *Harpaftus* of the Ancients was yet in ufe

in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was sensible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the West, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnastics*. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius look'd upon but as a slight ailment, and promis'd his Mother he would instantly cure it: He flit a green Reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words, <sup>12</sup> *Daries, daries, aftararies, diffunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, ifta, pifta fifta, domi abo, damnauftra*. But finding to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her Son to the like dangerous Exercifes for the future, propos'd to fend for a Dancing-Mafter, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. *Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for Socrates faid the beft Dancers were the beft Warriors; but not thofe fpecies of Dancing which you mention: They are certainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance, which were utterly difliked by the founder Ancients. Martin fhall learn the Tragic Dance only, and I will fend all over Europe till I find an Antiquary able to instruct him in the Saltatio Pyrrhica.*

\* *Scaliger, from whom my fon is lineally defcended, boafes to have performed this warlike Dance in the Prefence of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he fay, could he look*

*down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as not to know the least step of that noble kind of Saltation?*

The poor Lady was at last enur'd to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*Spleen, Garter, and Girdle are the three impediments to the Curfus.*" Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauteriz'd. *My son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover it will cure that immoderate Laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: For laughter (as the same author hath it, ibid.) is caused by the bigness of the Spleen.* This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but



ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and inſtantly ſent to his Brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haſte to her huſband.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire Quota of his Viſcera. *What does it ſignify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew excels in the Curſus or not? Speed is often a ſymptom of Cowardice, witneſs Hares and Deer.—Do not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius) I*

know that Running has been  
condemn'd by the proud Spartans,  
as useless in war; and yet  
Demosthenes could say [...], a  
thought which the English Hudibras  
has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's  
flain.

That's true (quoth Albertus) but  
pray consider on the other side that  
Animals \* spleened grow extremely  
falacious, an experiment well known  
in dogs. Cornelius was struck with  
this, and reply'd gravely; If it be so,  
I will defer the Operation, for I will  
not encrease the powers of my son's  
body at the expence of those of his  
mind. I am indeed disappointed in  
most of my projects, and fear I must  
down at last contented with such  
methods of Education as modern

barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all, had we lived in the age of Augustus! Then my son might have heard the Philosophers dispute in the Porticos of the Palestra and at the same time form'd his Body and his Understanding. It is true (reply'd Albertus) we have no Exedra for the Philosophers, adjoining to our Tennis-Courts; but there are Ale-Houses where he will hear very notable argumentations: Tho' we come not up to the Ancients in the Tragic-dance, we excel them in the [...], or the art of Tumbling. The Ancients would have beat us at Quoits, but not so much at the Jaculum or pitching the Bar. The \*Pugilatus is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the Cornish-Hug in the †Luctus is equal to the volutatoria of the Ancients. You could not (answer'd Cornelius)

have produc'd a more unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what you say of the Jaculum. The || Cretians wisely forbid their servants Gymnasticks, as well as Arms; and yet your modern Footmen exercise themselves daily in the Jaculum at the corner of Hyde-Park, whilst their enervated Lords are lolling in their chariots (a species of Vectitation seldom us'd amongst the Ancients, except, by old Men.) You say well (quoth Albertus) and we have several other kinds of Vectitation unknown to the Ancients, particularly flying Chariots, where the people may have the benefit of this exercise at the small expence of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) that the Ancients excel'd us almost in every thing, yet why this singularity? you must take up with such masters as the present age

*affords; we have Dancing-masters,  
Writing-masters, and Musick-  
masters.*

The bare mention of *Musick* threw  
Cornelius into a passion. *How can  
you dignify (quoth he) this modern  
fidling with the name of Musick? Will  
any of your best Hautboys  
encounter a Wolf now a-days with  
no other arms but their instruments,  
as did that ancient piper Pythocaris?  
Have ever wild Boars, Elephants,  
Deer, Dolphins, Whales or Turbotts,  
shew'd the least emotion at the most  
elaborate strains of your modern  
Scrapers, all which have been as it  
were tam'd and humaniz'd by  
ancient Musicians? Does not \* Aelian  
tell us how the Lybian Mares were  
excited to horsing by Musick? (which  
ought in truth to be a caution to  
modest Women against frequenting  
Operas; and consider, brother, you*

are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the power of your Musick)

Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not from the loss of ancient Musick, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the Virtues?

Else might we turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Musicians, who

should teach moral Virtues to those

People. Whence comes it that our

present diseases are so stubborn?

whence is it that I daily deplore my

Sciatical pains? Alas! because we

have lost their true cure, by the me-

lody of the Pipe. All this was well

known to the Ancients, as <sup>†</sup>

Theophrastus assures us, (whence §

Caelius calls it *loca dolentia*

*decantare*) only indeed some small

remains of this skill is preserved in

the cure of the Tarantula. Did not ||

Pythagoras stop a company of

drunken Bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the Pipe to the sober Spondaeus? and yet your modern Musicians want art to defend their windows from common Nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedaemonian Mob were up, they \* commonly sent for a Lesbian Musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: Yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of Musick, though the best of this age, could keep his Holiness's Image from being burnt on a fifth of November. Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billing Gate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole have any manner of effect, nor both of 'em together bring † Horneck to common civility. That's a gross mistake (said Cornelius very warmly) and to



*prove it so, I have here a small Lyra of my own, fram'd, ftrung, and tun'd after the ancient manner. I can play fome fragments of Lelbian tunes, and I wifh I were to try them upon the moft paffionate creatures alive. —You never had a better opportunity (fays Albertus) for yonder are two apple-women folding, and juft ready to uncoif one another. With that Cornelius, undrefs'd as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in hand, in his flippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a ftocking upon his head, and a waitcoat of murrey-colour'd fattin upon his body: He touch'd his Lyra with a very unufual fort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruflrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Inftrument, the ftrangenefs of the Man and of the Mufick, drew the ears and eyes of the whole Mob that were got*

about the two female Champions,  
and at last of the Combatants  
themselves. They approach'd the  
Balcony, in as close attention as  
Orpheus's first Audience of Cattle, or  
that of an Italian Opera when some  
favourite Air is just awaken'd. This  
sudden effect of his Musick en-  
couraged him mightily, and it was  
observ'd he never touch'd his Lyre in  
such a truly chromatick and  
enharmonick manner as upon that  
occasion. The mob laugh'd, sung,  
jump'd, danc'd, and us'd many odd  
gestures, all which he judg'd to be  
caused by his various strains and  
modulations. *Mark (quoth he) in  
this, the power of the Ionian, in  
that, you see the effect of the  
Aeolian.* But in a little time they  
began to grow riotous, and threw  
stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but  
with the greatest air of Triumph in  
the world. *Brother (said he) do you*

*observe I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn from this Sample to speak with veneration of ancient Mufick. If this Lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?* Having said this, he retir'd with the utmost Exultation in himself, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is said, behav'd that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

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## **Notes**

12 `

*Pliny Hist. Nat. lib. 17. in fine.*

*Carmen contra luxata membra,  
eujus verba inferere non equidem*

*ferio aufim, quanquam a Catone  
prodita.*

*Vid. Cato de re rust. c. 160.*

' ↵

\* \

*Scalig. Poetic. l. 1. c. 9.*

*Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos  
saepe & diu, jussu Bonifacii patrum,  
coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine  
stupore totius Germaniae, re-  
praesentavimus. Quo tempore vox  
illa Imperatoris, Hic puer out  
Thoracem pro pelle out pro cunis  
habuit.'* ↵

\* Blackmore's Essay on Spleen. ↵

\* Fifty-Cuffs. ↵

† Wresting. ↵

|| Arist, politic. lib. 2, cap. 3. ↵

\* Aelian Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap.  
18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. ↵

† Athenaeus, lib. xiv. ↵

§ Lib. de sanitat. tuend cap. 2. ↵

|| Quintilian lib. 1 cap. 10. ↵

\* Suidas in Timotheo. ↵

† Horneck, a scurrilous Scribler who wrote a weekly paper, called *the High German Doctor*. ↵

CHAP. VII.

Rhetorick, Logick, and  
Metaphyficks.

Cornelius having (as hath been laid) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judg'd it proper in the first place to instruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we shall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his Treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable Discourse [...], which he wrote at this time but conceal'd from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him conceal'd, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live Poets



of this present age. We proceed therefore to *Logick* and *Metaphysick*.

The wife Cornelius was convinced, that these being *Polemical Arts*, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some Youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble Companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was Cousin to Mr. *Swan*, Gamester and Punster of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with *Words*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise Men, and readymoney of Fools,

Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a Parent, and such a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and Sciences.

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the uſe only of one Operation of the Intellect, tho' like ſhortſighted men they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: They can form *ſingle apprehenſions*, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now as it is wiſely order'd, that people depriv'd of one ſenſe have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discover'd, that these two laſt operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſh'd in Crambe; however he uſed to ſay that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolv'd to proceed with his two Pupils.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immers'd in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from Material things of the abſtracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the Words, and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfy'd. Thus Crambe would tell his Inſtructor, that All men were not *ſingular*; that Individuality could hardly be praedicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*, that madmen are

*beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, Individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe deny'd, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor) but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the World. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present or absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But*

as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his Stall amongst the logical praedicaments.

Cornelius was forc'd to give Martin sensible images; thus calling up the Coachman he ask'd him what he had seen at the Bear-garden? the man answer'd he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Sergeant in the Guards, the other black, a Butcher; the Sergeant had red breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Sergeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. *Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the praedicaments. Men, Substantia; two, quantitas; fair and black, qualitas; Sergeant and*

*Butcher, relatio; wounded the  
other, actio & passio; fighting, litus;  
Stage, ubi; two a Clock, quando;  
blue and red Breeches, habitus.* At  
the same time he warn'd Martin,  
that what he now *learn'd* as a  
Logician, he must *forget* as a natural  
Philosopher; that tho' he now taught  
them that accidents inher'd in the  
subject, they would find in time  
there was no such thing; and that  
colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold,  
were not in the things but only  
phantasms of our brains. He was  
forc'd to let them into this secret, for  
Martin could not conceive how a  
habit of dancing inher'd in a  
dancingmaster, when he did not  
dance; nay, he would demand the  
Characterifticks of Relations:  
Crambe us'd to help him out by  
telling him, a Cuckold, a losing  
gamester, a man that had not din'd,  
a young heir that was kept short by

his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the Paternity and Filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was, when they came to the Tenth Praedicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *Habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his cloaths could better subsist without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin suppos'd an *Universal Man* to be like a Knight of a Shire or a Burgefs of a Corporation, that represented a great many Individuals. His Father ask'd him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always return'd to his mind; that he had great difficulty to



abstract a Lord Mayor from his Fur, Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little disturb'd his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to show himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horse, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he suppos'd was the abstract of a Lord Mayor. Cornelius told him that he was a lying Rascal; that an *Univerfale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or *a parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clyfters a parte Rei*, but *clyfters* are *univerfales*; ergo. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum est ineffe multis*, is an *univerfale* by definition: but every clyfter before it

is administered has that quality;  
therefore every clyster is an  
*universale*.

He also found fault with the Advertisements, that they were not strict logical *definitions*: In an advertisement of a Dog stol'n or stray'd, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *Genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not fram'd according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contain'd a faint image of the *praedicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Grey-bound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck,*

*lame of one leg, belongs to such a Lady. Grey-hound, Genus; mouse-colour'd, &c. differentia; lame of one leg, accidents; belongs to such a Lady, proprium.*

Though I'm afraid I have transgress'd upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mention'd; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He suppos'd that a Philosopher's brain was like a great Forest, where Ideas rang'd like animals of several kinds; that those Ideas copulated, and engender'd Conclusions; that when those of different Species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Conclusion. Hence they are call'd the

*praemissa*, or *Predecessors* of the Conclusion; and it is properly said by Logicians *quod pariunt scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal Propositions are Persons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are said to be of the first *Figure*. Singular Propositions are Private persons, and therefore plac'd in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.
- III. From singular premisses follows only a singular

conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *Individua vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.
- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition

is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.

- X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily join'd (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue; but contingently join'd, they beget bastards.

So much for the Affirmative propositions; the Negative must be defer'd to another occasion.

Crambe us'd to value himself upon this System, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination*; and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an Absurdity is a *Monster*, a Falsity is a *Bastard*; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be *adopted*. But

then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (reply'd Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept secret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exercise the Weapons *Logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe us'd to engage like any prize fighters, before their Father, and his other Learned companions of the Symposiacks. And as Prize fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter* & *secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter* & *formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those Distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetch'd blood at every stroke. Their



*Theses* was pick'd out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the Reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the Innate Desire of the knowledge of Metaphysics was the cause of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana* the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirm'd.*
- II. If transcendental goodness could be truly praedicated of the Devil? *affirm'd.*
- III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez.*
- IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus* not *elicitus*? *affirm'd.*
- V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirm'd.*
- VI. Whether God loves a *possible*

*Angel better than an actually-existent flye? deny'd.*

- VII. If Angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle?  
*Aquinas.*
- VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning?  
*Aquinas.*
- IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel says to another?  
*deny'd, Aquinas.*
- X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil?  
*deny'd. Aquinas.*
- XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquin.*
- XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of Innocence? *Aquinas.*
- XIII. If the Creation was finish'd in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be

the most perfect number  
because the Creation was  
finished in six days? *Aquinas*.

There were several others of which  
in the course of the life of this  
learned person we may have occa-  
sion to treat, and one particularly  
that remains undecided to this day;  
it was taken from the learned  
Suarez.

- XIV. *An praeter esse reale actualis essentiae sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a Project  
to banish Metaphysics out of Spain,  
which was suppos'd might be  
effectuated by this method: That  
no-body should use any Compound

or Decom-pound of the Substantial Verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphysician from *ens, essentia, entitas, substantia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Substantial Forms*, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor Philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many Wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He consider'd that it had gone much harder with them than with *Essences*, which had retir'd from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where some of them had been advanc'd into the degree of *Quintessences*. He thought there should be a retreat for poor

*substantial Forms*, amongst the Gentle-ufhers at court; and that there were indeed *substantial forms*, fuch as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which, the things themselves could neyer long fubfift. He alfo us'd to wonder that there was not a reward for fuch as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logick*, as well as for thofe who fhould difcover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.  
ANATOMY.

Cornelius, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his Reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckon'd it a point of honour never to be vanquish'd in a dispute; from which quality he acquir'd the title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Professor of Anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *Intestines*, Cornelius affirm'd that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you please (he reply'd) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with



equal reason (answer'd the Professor) affirm that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: Show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a Monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antidiluvian; of the strength of Sampson, or the size of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthen'd the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminish'd the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood

circulates, yet I will still believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Consider how Luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably alter'd the whole Course of the Fluids. Consider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine, that the Microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood first began to circulate.—Such disputes as these frequently perplex'd the Professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happen'd soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a Malefactor, he hir'd a Room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carry'd it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few House-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of Operators. As he was softly staking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have flipp'd from him, which he (to save from falling) grasp'd so hard about the belly that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noise exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain

in a dead man) was so terrify'd, that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happen'd. Martin with all his Philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post. You may say what you please (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seem'd to be mightily relieved by it. The rolling of the corps down stairs made such a noise that it awak'd the whole house. The maid shriek'd, the landlady cry'd out Thieves; but the Landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, ventur'd out of the Room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the Landlord stood still and lift'ned, then he look'd behind him, and ventur'd down in this manner one stair after

another, 'till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corps unknown. The wife ran into the street and cry'd out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The Watch imagin'd they were making their escape, seiz'd them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them, several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examin'd Crambe. What is your Name? says the Justice. I have acquir'd (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to my self; though it may be some dispute to posterity. —What is yours and your Masters profession?—*It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the*

*hearts of those that never injur'd us;  
we rip up big-belly'd women, and  
tear children limb from limb. Martin  
endeavour'd to interrupt him; but  
the Justice being strangely astonish'd  
with the frankness of Crambe's Con-  
fession, order'd him to proceed;  
upon which he made the following  
Speech.*

*May it please your Worship, as  
touching the body of this man, I can  
answer each head that my accusers  
alledge against me, to a hair. They  
have hitherto talk'd like num-skulls  
without brains; but if your Worship  
will not only give ear, but regard me  
with a favourable eye, I will not be  
brow-beaten by the supercilious  
looks of my adversaries, who now  
stand cheek by jowl by your  
Worship. I will prove to their faces,  
that their foul mouths have not  
open'd their lips without a falsity;*

though they have shewed their teeth  
as if they would bite off my nose.  
Now, Sir, that I may fairly flip my  
Neck out of the collar, I beg this  
matter may not be flightly skin'd  
over. Tho' I have no man here to  
back me, I will un-bosom my self,  
since Truth is on my side, and shall  
give them their bellies full, though  
they think they have me upon the  
hip. Whereas they say I came into  
their lodgings, with arms, and  
murder'd this man without their  
Privity, I declare I had not the least  
Finger in it; and since I am to stand  
upon my own legs, nothing of this  
matter shall be left till I set it upon a  
right foot. In the vein I am in, I  
cannot for my heart's blood and  
guts bear this usage: I shall not  
spare my lungs to defend my good  
name: I was ever reckon'd a good  
liver; and I think I have the bowels  
of compassion. I ask but justice, and



*from the crown of my head to the  
soal of my foot I shall ever  
acknowledge my self your Worlship's  
humble Servant.*

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talk'd in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begg'd to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinc'd, till they sent for the Finisher of human laws, of whom the Corps had been purchas'd; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. *What Daemon, he cry'd, hath  
possessed thee that thou will never  
forsake that impertinent custom of  
punning? Neither my council nor my*



*example have thus mislled thee;  
thou governest thy self by most erro-  
neous Maxims.* Far from it (answers  
Crambe) my life is as orderly as my  
Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I  
order my life. I have made a  
Kalendar of radical words for all the  
seasons, months, and days of the  
year: Every day I am under the  
dominion of a certain Word: but this  
day in particular I cannot be misled,  
for I am govern'd by one that rules  
all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all  
animals rational and irrational. Who  
is not govern'd by the word *Led*?  
Our Noblemen and Drunkards are  
pimp-led, Physicians and Pulfes fee-  
led, their Patients and Oranges pil-  
led, a New-married Man and an Afs  
are bride-led, an Old-married Man  
and a Pack-horse fad-led; Cats and  
Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility  
are sty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-  
box are spark-led, a Lover and a

Blunderer are grove-led. And that I  
may not be tedious—Which thou art  
(reply'd Martin, stamping with his  
foot) which thou art, I say, beyond  
all human toleration—Such an  
unnatural, unaccountable,  
uncoherent, unintelligible,  
unprofitable—There it is now!  
(interrupted Crambe) this is your  
Day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no  
longer—however composing his  
Countenance, Come hither—he  
cry'd, there are five pounds,  
seventeen shillings and nine pence:  
thou hast been with me eight  
months, three weeks, two days, and  
four hours. Poor Crambe upon the  
receipt of his Salary, fell into tears,  
flung the money upon the ground,  
and burst forth in these words: *O*  
*Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime,*  
*'tis a crime I have learned from*  
*thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a*  
*crime, by thy example was I bias'd.*

Whereupon Martin, (confidering that one of the greateft of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned,) hefitted, relented, and re-infated Crambe in his Service.

CHAP. IX.

How *Martin* become a  
great Critick.

IT was a most peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplify'd, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus, He conceiv'd, that somewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if apply'd to their Works, with the same *diligence*, and the same *liberty*. He resolv'd to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that if the *most correct* Authors could be so served with any reputation to the Critick, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* wou'd easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless Field of

Glory would be open'd to the true  
and *absolute Critick*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has  
given us, in the Addenda to his  
Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence  
and Horace are in every bodies  
hands, under the names of Richard  
B [...]ley, and Francis H [...]re. And  
we have convincing proofs that the  
late Edition of Milton publish'd in the  
name of the former of these, was in  
truth the Work of no other than our  
Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

Of *Martinus's* Uncommon  
Practice of *Phylick*, and  
how he apply'd himself to  
the *Diseases* of the *Mind*.

BUT it is high time to return to the History of the Progress of Martinus in the Studies of Physick, and to enumerate some at least of the many Discoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his Method of investigating latent Distempers, by the sagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The Success, and the Adventures that befel him, when he walk'd with these Animals, to smell them out in the Parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *List of those Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full Sett*, will be publish'd in time convenient. There will also be added the Representation, which on occasion of one distemper which was become



almost epidemical, he thought himself oblig'd to lay before both Houses of Parliament, intituled, *A Propofal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P [...]x out of this kingdom.

He next proceeded to an Enquiry into the *Nature* and *Tokens* of *Virginity*, according to the Jewish Doctrines, which occasion'd that most curious Treatise of the *Purification* of \* *Queen Elther*, with a *Display* of her *Cafe* at large; speedily also to be published.

But being weary of all practice on *foetid Bodies*, from a certain niceness of Constitution, (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward thro' a Twelve-months course of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the *Mind*. He

attempted to find out Specificks for all the *Paſſions*; and as other Phyſicians throw their Patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he caſt them into Love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Paſſions in the Engliſh Nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquir'd ſkill in *Anatomy*. He conſider'd *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies becauſe it has Wings, a Duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the Aduncity of the pounces, and beaks of the Hawks,

as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and Masseter-muscles in Lions and Tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual Immorality of those Animals.

If, He observ'd that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Instruments whereby she usually expresseth that Passion, you will in time abate the Passion itself, in like manner as Castration abates Lust.

2dly, That the Soul in mankind expresseth every Passion by the Motion of some particular *Muscles*.

3dly, That all Muscles grow stronger and thicker by being *much us'd*; therefore the habitual Passions may be discerned in particular persons by

the *strength* and *bignefs* of the Muscles us'd in the expression of that Passion.

4thly, That a Muscle may be strengthen'd or weakn'd by weakning or strength'ning the force of its Antagonist. These things premis'd, he took notice,

That *Complaisance, humility, assent, approbation, and civility*, were express'd by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *dissent, dislike, refusal, pride, and arrogance*, were mark'd by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Passions of *assent*, and *dissent* the Latins rightly express'd by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observ'd that complaisant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and

infolent there was a great over-  
balance of ftrength in the Extensors  
of the Neck and the Mufcles of the  
Back, from whence they perform  
with great facility the motion of  
*toffing*, but with great difficulty that  
of *bowing*, and therefore have juftly  
acquir'd the Title of *ftiff-neck'd*: In  
order to reduce fuch perfons to a  
juft balance, he judg'd that the pair  
of Mufcles call'd *Recti interni*, the  
Maftoidal, with other flexors of the  
head, neck, and body muft be  
ftrengthen'd; their Antagonifts, the  
*Splenii Complexi*, and the Extensors  
of the Spine, weaken'd; For which  
purpofe Nature herfelf feems to  
have directed mankind to correct  
this Mufcular Immorality by tying  
fuch fellows *Neck-and-heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious  
Cuftom of Mothers who abolifh the  
natural Signature of Modefty in their

Daughters by teaching them *toffing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of *stooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charg'd all husbands to take notice of the *Posture of the Head* of such as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

*Flatterers*, who have the flexor Muscles so strong that they are always bowing and cringing, he suppos'd might in some measure be corrected by being ty'd down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirm'd by his observing the strength of the *levator Scapulae*: This Muscle is call'd the Muscle of *patience*, because in that affection of Mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muscle also he observed to be ex-

ceedingly strong and large in  
*Henpeck'd Husbands*, in *Italians*,  
and in *English Ministers*.

In pursuance of his Theory, he sup-  
pos'd the *Constrictors* of the *Eye-*  
*lids*, must be strengthen'd in the  
supercilious, the *abductors* in  
drunkards and contemplative men,  
who have the same stiddy and  
grave motion of the eye. That the  
*buccinatores* or blowers up of the  
*cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Nose*,  
were too strong in Cholerick people;  
and therefore Nature here again  
directed us to a remedy, which was  
to correct such extraordinary  
dilatation by *pulling by the Nose*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the  
Passion of Love, might be corrected  
by frequently looking thro' glasses.  
Impertinent fellows that jump upon  
Tables, and cut capers, might be

cur'd by relaxing medicines apply'd to the *Calves* of their *legs*, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two Cafes which he reckon'd extremely difficult. First, *Affectation*, in which there were so many Muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it requir'd an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second cafe was immoderate *Laughter*: When any of that risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he consider'd what an infinity of Muscles these laughing Rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the Diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower



jaw, the crisping of the nose,  
twinkling of the eyes, or sphaerical  
convexity of the cheeks, with the  
tremulous succussion of the whole  
human body: when he consider'd, I  
say, all this, he used to cry out *Cafus  
plane deplorabilis!* and give such  
Patients over.

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## Notes

\* Vid. Esther, chap. 2. vers. 12. ↵

CHAP. XI.

The Cafe of a young  
Nobleman at Court, with  
the Doctor's Prescription  
for the fame.

AN eminent Instance of Martinus's Sagacity in discovering the Distempers of the Mind, appear'd in the case of a young Nobleman at Court, who was observ'd to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none, but Flatterers, Poets, and Pickpockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *Love*.

His friends assured him that they had with great care observ'd all his motions, and were perfectly satisfy'd

there was no Woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. *How can that be? (said his Aunt, who came to ask the advice) when he converses almost with none but himself?* Say you so? he replied, why then he is in love with Himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonish'd, people do not enough attend this Disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure, with the other: especially since here the case of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nurs'd by such Mothers, as with their good will, wou'd never suffer

their children to be *crofs'd in love*.  
Ease, luxury, and idlenefs, blow up  
this flame as well as the other:  
Constant opportunities of  
converfation with the perfon  
beloved, (the greateft of incentives)  
are here impoffible to be prevented.  
Bawds and Pimps in the other love,  
will be perpetually doing kind  
offices, fpeaking a good word for  
the party, and carry about Billet  
doux. Therefore I afk you, Madam,  
if this Gentleman has not been  
much frequented by Flatterers, and  
a fort of people who bring him  
dedications and verfes? *O Lord! Sir,*  
*(quoth the Aunt) the houfe is*  
*haunted with them.* There it is,  
(reply'd Scriblerus) thofe are the  
bawds and pimps that go between a  
man and himfelf. Are there no civil  
Ladies, that tell him he drefles well,  
has a gentlemanly air, and the like?  
*Why truly Sir, my Nephew is not*

*awkward*—Look you Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any Rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies so—Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the Aunt. Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own, quoth the Aunt. Whom does he write letters to? Himself. Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself. Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass. Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest with a smile of himself as he passes by, Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips? *Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.* Have you observ'd him to use Familiarities with any body? *With none but*

*himself: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his hip, nay sometimes thrusts it into—his breast.*

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms, but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any Lovetoys; such as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. *Not only so, (said the Aunt) but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond Ring for his own wearing.*—Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose. Pray Madam, a word or two more—Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will

he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? *By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin he will return you a box on the ear.*—Then the case is plain: he has the true Pathognomick sign of Love, *Jealously*; for no body will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole this Cafe is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love, but then they keep a *very secret Intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this Patient has not the least care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitch'd, and almost past cure. However let the following



methods be try'd upon him.

First, let him \*\*\* *Hiatus*. \*\*\*

Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig.

Thirdly, shun the Company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be a mis if he travel'd over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-scout. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-cases, (and particularly the Diamond Ring) which he has receiv'd from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile Qualities of this Mistress of his: let him be shewn that her

Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: Let it be prov'd, that he has been False to himself, and if Treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a Mistress, what is? In short

let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glasses, polish'd Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the Beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked straddling Animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contem-

plate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the Letters, Dedications, &c. abovesaid. Something like this has been observ'd by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of Women. If all this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemn'd eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the Fate of most violent Self-lovers.

## CHAP. XII.

How *Martinus*  
endeavoured to find out  
the *Seat* of the *Soul*, and  
of his Correspondence  
with the *Free-Thinkers*.

IN this Design of Martin to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which at first he labour'd under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodg'd in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart.

Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he saw several Offices of life went on at the same time, he was forc'd to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several operations by her little Ministers, the *Animal Spirits*,

from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philosophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fiddlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He suppos'd that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirm'd in

this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Mifers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here that these Enquiries into the *Seat* of the *Soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of *Free-Thinkers*, who were then in

their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they order'd their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquisitor  
into Nature, MARTINUS  
SCRIBLERUS: The Society  
of *Free-Thinkers* greeting.

*Grecian Coffee-House, May 7.*

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your Inquisitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly call'd the *Soul*: Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the Residence of such a Chimera, that never had being



but in the brains of some dreaming Philosophers. Is it not *Demonstration* to a person of your Sense, that since *you cannot find it*, there is *no such thing*? In order to set so hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded Sophisms of those crack-brain'd fellows, and likewise an easy *mechanical Explanation* of *Perception* or *Thinking*.

One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of Matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answer'd by a familiar instance. In every *Jack*

there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the Fly, nor in the Weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition: So in an Animal, the Self-consciousness is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roasting in a Jack) but the result of several Modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one Jack, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this Animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the Jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several Modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets,

geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or disposition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

The Parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually chang'd, and the fluids which seem to be subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of Individual Consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, selfmoving, and governing the whole Ma-

chine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the Government, which still preserves the Unity of the whole System.

They make a great noise about this Individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the Particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darn'd so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of

filk, stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of Consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirm'd, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answer'd, that as in a House of Commons all things are determin'd by a *Majority*, so it is

in every Animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking Beings, who are determin'd by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking Members, compose one thinking System.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that Punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance. We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predecessors.



We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the Brain, the several Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomists that the Brain is a *Congeries* of Glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, call'd Animal Spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the Arietadion and Motion of the Spirits in thoſe Canals, proceed all the different ſorts of Thoughts: Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one ſimple Canal: when two of theſe Canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a Proposition; and when two of theſe propositional Channels empty themſelves into a third, they form a Syllogiſm, or a Ratiocination. Memory is



perform'd in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those Glands. Some for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical Canals; in others that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling genius's, weak and small: in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our Hypothesis, that we have employ'd one of our Members, a great Virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an Hydraulick Engine, in which a chymical liquor resembling Blood, is driven through Elastick chanelles resembling Arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pulleys, like the nerves, tendons and muscles: And we are persuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your Country Parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advis'd his Master by no means to enter into their Society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.

CHAP. XIV.  
The DOUBLE MISTRESS.

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N. B. The Style of this Chapter in the *Original Memoirs* is so singularly different from the rest, that it is hard to conceive by whom it was penn'd. But if we consider the particular Regard which our Philosopher had for it, who expressly directed that *not one Word of this Chapter should be alter'd*, it will be natural to suspect that it was written by himself, at the Time when *Love* (ever delighting in *Romances*) had somewhat tinctur'd his Style; and that the Remains of his first and strongest Passion gave him a Partiality to this Memorial of it. Thus it begins.

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BUT now the successful Course of the Studies of Martin was interrupted by *Love*: Love, that unnerves the Vigour of the Hero, and softens the Severity of the Philosopher. It

chanced, that as Martin was walking forth to inhale the fresh breeze of the Evening, after the long and severe Studies of the day, and passing through the Western Confines of the famous Metropolis of Albion, not far from the proud Battlements of the Palace of Whitehall, whose walls are embraced by the silver Thames; his eyes were drawn upwards by a large square piece of Canvas, which hung forth to the view of the passing Citizens. Upon it was portrayed by some accurate pencil, the Lybian Leopard more fierce than in his native Defart; the mighty Lion, who boasted thrice the bulk of the Nemaean monster; before whom stood the little Jackall, the faithful spy of the King of beasts: Near these was placed, of two Cubits high, the black Prince of Monomotapa; by whose side were seen the glaring

Cat-a-mountain, the quill-darting Porcupine, and the Man-mimicking Manteger. Clofe adjoining to this, hung another piece of Canvas on which was display'd the pourtrait of two Bohemian Damfels, whom Nature had as clofely united as the ancient Hermaphroditus and Salmacis; and whom it was as impoffible to divide, as the mingled waters of the gentle Thames and the amorous Ifis. While Martin flood in a meditating pofture, feafting his eyes on this Picture, he heard on a fudden the fonorous notes of a Clarion, which feem'd of the pureft crystal: In an instant the paffing multitude flock'd to the found, as when a Drum summons the ftragglng foldiers to the approaching Battle. The youthful Virtufo, who was in daily purfuit of the Curiofities of Nature, was immediately furrounded by the

gazing throng. The doors, for ever  
barr'd to the pennylefs populace,  
feem'd to open themselves at his  
producing a filver Six-pence, which  
(like Aeneas's golden bough) gain'd  
him admiffion into that Scene of  
Wonders. He no fooner enter'd the  
firft apartment, but his noftrils were  
ftruck with the fcent of Carnage;  
broken Bones and naked Carcaffes  
beftraw'd the floor. The majeftick  
Lion rous'd from his bed, and fhook  
his brindled Mane; the fotted  
Leopard gnafh'd his angry teeth,  
and walking to and fro, in  
indignation rattled his chains. Martin  
with infinite pleasure heard the Hi-  
ftory of the feveral Monfters, which  
was courteoufly open'd to him by a  
Perfon of a grave and earneft mien;  
whose frank behaviour and ready  
answers difcover'd him to have been  
long converfant with different  
Nations, and to have journey'd



through distant Regions. By him he was informed, that the Lion was hunted on the hills of Lebanon, by the Basha of Jerufalem; that the Leopard was nurs'd in the uninhabited woods of Lybia; the Porcupine came from the kingdom of Prefter-John, and the Manteger was a true descendant of the celebrated Hanniman the Magnificent. Sir, said Mr. Randal (for that was the name of the Master of the Show) the whole World cannot match these prodigies: twice have I sail'd round the Globe; these feet have travers'd the most remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conscience affirm, that not all the Defarts of the four Quarters of the Earth furnish out a more compleat sett of Animals than what are contain'd within these walls. Friend, (answer'd Martin) bold is thy Assertion, and wonderful is the

knowledge of a Traveller. But did'st thou ever risque thy self among the \*Scythian Canibals, or those wild men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards? hast thou ever seen the Sciopi, so called because when laid supine, they shelter themselves from the Sun-beams with the shadow of their feet? canst thou procure me a Troglodyte footman, who can catch a Roe at his full speed? hast thou ever beheld those Illyrian damfels who have two sights in one eye, whose looks are poisonous to males that are adult? hast thou ever measur'd the gigantick Ethiopian, whose stature is above eight cubits high, or the sesquipedalian Pigmey? hast thou ever seen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a Dog, and whose \*milk is the only true specifick for Consumptions? Sir (reply'd Mr. Ran-

dal) all these have I beheld, upon my honour, and many more which are set forth in my Journal: As for your dogfac'd men, they are no other than what stands before you; that is naturally the fiercest, but by art the tamest Manteger in the world. That word (replies Martin) is a corruption of the <sup>†</sup>Mantichora of the Ancients, the most noxious Animal that ever infested the earth; who had a Sting above a cubit long, and would attack a rank of armed men at once, flinging his poisonous darts several miles around him. Canst thou inform me whether the Boars grunt in Macedonia? Canst thou give me a Certificate that the Lions in Africa are afraid of the scolding of Women? hast thou ever heard the sagacious Hyaena counterfeit the voice of a shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a man to draw the dogs together, and ev'n

call a shepherd by his proper name?  
Your Crocodile is but a small one,  
but you ought to have brought with  
him the bird Trochilos that picks his  
teeth after dinner, at which the silly  
animal is so pleased, that he gapes  
wide enough to give the  
Ichneumon, his mortal enemy, an  
entrance into his belly. Your modern  
Ostriches are dwindled to meer  
Larks in comparison with those of  
the Ancients; theirs were equal in  
stature to a man on horseback. Alas!  
we have lost the chaste bird  
Porphyryon! the whole Race was  
destroy'd by Women, because they  
discover'd the infidelity of wives to  
their husbands. The Merops too is  
now no where to be found, the only  
bird that flew backward by the tail.  
But say, canst thou inform me, what  
Dialect of the Greek is spoken by the  
birds of Diomedes' island? for it is  
from them only we can learn the

true pronunciation of that ancient language.—Mr. Randal made no satisfactory answer to these demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern Monsters, and seem'd willing to confine his instances to the Animals of his own collection, pointing to each of them in order with his Rod.

After Martin had satisfy'd his curiosity here, he was conducted into another Apartment. Just at the entrance of the door appear'd a Negroe Prince. His habiliments bespoke him royal; his head was crown'd with the feather of an Ostrich, his sable feet and legs were interlaced with Purple and Gold, spangled with the Diamonds of Cornwall, and the precious stones of Bristol. Though his stature was of the lowest, yet he behav'd himself with such an Air of Grandeur, as gave evident tokens of his Regal

Birth and Education. He was mounted upon the left Palfrey in the Universe; a Palfrey whose natural Beauty stood not in need of those various colour'd Ribbons which braided his Mane, and were interwoven with his Tail. Again the chrystal Clarion founded, and after several courteous speeches between the black Prince and Martin, our youthful Philosopher walk'd into the midst of the room, to blefs his fight with the most beautiful Curiosity of Nature. On a sudden enter'd at another door the two Bohemian Sisters, whose common parts of Generation, had so closely ally'd them, that Nature seem'd here to have conspired with Fortune, that their lives should run in an eternal Parallel.

The Sun had twice eight times perform'd his annual course, since their

Mother brought them into the world with double pangs. Lindamira's eyes were of a lively blue; Indamora's were black and piercing. Lindamira's cheeks might rival the blush of the morning; in Indamora the Lilly overcame the Rose. Lindamira's tresses were of the paler Gold, while the locks of Indamora were black and glossy as the Plumes of a Raven.

How great is the power of Love in human breasts! In vain has the Wife man recourse to his Reason, when the insinuating Arrow touches his heart, and the pleasing poison is diffused through his veins. But then how violent, how transporting must that passion prove, where not only the Fire of Youth, but the unquenchable Curiosity of a Philosopher, pitch'd upon the same object! For how much soever our Martin was enamour'd on her as a



beautiful Woman, he was infinitely more ravish'd with her as a charming Monster. What wonder then, if his gentle Spirit, already humaniz'd by a polite Education to receive all soft impressions, and fired by the sight of those beauties so lavishly expos'd to his view, should prove unable to resist at once to pleasing a Passion, and so amiable a Phaenomenon?

Martin, who felt the true emotions of Love, blush'd that the Object of his flame should be so openly prostituted to vulgar eyes. And though he had been permitted to peruse her most secret charms, yet his honourable passion was so strong, that it ran into the extreme of bashfulness; so that at the first interview he made no Overtures of his Love. Penſive he return'd, and flinging himself on his Couch, pass'd



away the tedious hours of the night  
in the utmost Inquietude. The rusby  
Taper afforded a glimm'ring light,  
by which he contemplated the  
tender lines of Ovid; but alas! his  
Remedy of Love was no cure for our  
unhappy Lover's Anxiety! He closed  
the amorous volume, sigh'd, and  
casting his eyes around on the  
Books that adorned his room, broke  
forth in this pathetic Apostrophe.

O ye Spirits of Antiquity, who yet  
live in those sacred leaves! why do I  
make you conscious of my shame?  
Yet why should I depreciate the  
noble Passion of Love, and call it  
Shame? your Heroes have felt it,  
your Poets and Orators have prais'd  
it. Were I enamour'd on some gaudy  
Virgin, did I doat on vulgar  
Perfection, the Lustre of an Eye, or  
the Rose of a Cheek; with reason  
might I blush before you, most

learned Inquifitors into Nature! moft reverend Pliny, Aelian, and Al-drovandus! Yet fure you cannot difapprove of this, which is no wanton Paffion, but excited by fo unparallel'd a Production; a flame, that may not only juftify itfelf to the Severity of a Philofopher, but even to the Avarice of a Parent; fince fhe who caufes it carries a moft plentiful Fortune in the fole Exhibition of her perfon. Heavens! how I wonder at the Stupidity of mankind, who can affix the opprobrious Name of Monftrofity to what is only Variety of Beauty, and a Profufion of generous Nature? If there are charms in one face, one mouth, one body; if there are charms in two eyes, two breafts, two arms; are they not all redoubled in the Object of my Paffion? What tho'fhe be the common Gaze of the multitude, and is follow'd about by the ftupid and ignorant;

does ſhe not herein reſemble the  
greateſt Princes, and the greateſt  
Beauties? only with this difference,  
that her Admirers are more  
numerous, and more laſting.

Thus ſigh'd he away the melancholy  
Night; but no ſooner had Aurora,  
with bluſhes in her cheeks (as  
conſcious that ſhe was juſt riſen  
from the embraces of Tithon)  
advanc'd through the purple gates  
of the eaſt, but Martin roſe: He roſe  
indeed, but Melancholy, the  
companion of his ſlumbers, roſe and  
wak'd with him. This was the firſt  
day that he amus'd himſelf with the  
gaudy Ornaments of the body; that  
with ſecret pleaſure he con-  
templated his Face, and the  
ſymmetry of his limbs in a looking-  
glaſs. And now forſaking his ſolitary  
apartment, he walked directly to the  
habitation that confin'd the Object

of his desires. But as it is observ'd that the Curious never wander into the City to indulge their thirst of knowledge'till about the hours of eleven or twelve; the Morning has ever been the season of Repose for all those Animals, who (trapp'd by the frauds of Men) have been oblig'd to change their Woods and Wilderesses for Lodgings in Cities at the rate of four shillings a week. Therefore Martin at this early hour was neither saluted by the sound of the Trumpet, nor were his eyes feasted as before with the pleasing picture of his Mistress; but he walked to and fro before the door with folded arms, from the hour of five to eleven, humming in a low and melancholy tune.

The Trumpet no sooner sounded, but his heart leapt for joy, and a second six-pence gain'd him a second ad-

mittance into her apartment. Yet this day alfo, he only own'd his Paſſion in the language of his Eyes: But alas! this language is only underſtood by thoſe that love, and Lindamira remain'd ſtill ignorant of his Paſſion.

In the mean time it was no ſmall cauſe of wonder to Mr. Randal, that this Gentleman ſhould come every day to behold the ſame ſhow. He, no leſs covetous than the Guardian of a rich Heireſs, entertain'd a ſuſpicion that Martin had a deſign of ſtealing the Ladies. He thereupon iſſued out ſtrict Orders, not to admit our Lover on any pretence whatſoever. What Torments muſt this occaſion in the raging feaver of Love! Martin had now recourſe to Stratagem, and by a Bribe (which often even the Ermine and Scarlet Robe cannot reſiſt) gain'd the Dwarf who kept the

gates of the Show-room, to promote his Amour. He promis'd to convey a Letter to Lindamira the same evening, if he would bring it him when darkness favour'd his design, at the apartment next the Monsters. Martin overjoy'd, halted home, and after having consulted all the Authors that treat of Love, compos'd his Billetdoux, and at the time appointed went to entrust it to the hands of his Confident. Softly he stole up stairs, approach'd the door, and gave a gentle rap; when on a sudden a small hand was thrust through a little hole at the bottom of the door, whence issued an unintelligible, squeaking voice. Martin concluding it to be the Signal, delivered his Epistle, and made his retreat unobserv'd. He was no sooner retir'd, but Mr. Randal enter'd, and (as it was his usual custom before he went to bed) took

a view if all were safe in the Show-room. At his coming in, he saw his Monkey exceedingly busy in picking the Seal-wax by little bits from a Letter, which he turn'd over and over with infinite satisfaction. Mr. Randal, not thinking it a breach of honour to pry into the secrets of his own family, took the Letter from him, and read as follows.

To the most amiable  
LINDAMIRA,

While others, O darling of Nature, look upon thee with the eyes of Curiosity, I behold thee with those of Love. Since I have been struck with thy most astonishing Charms, how have I call'd upon Nature to make a new head, new arms, and a new body to sprout from this single



Trunk of mine, and to double  
every member, so to render me  
a proper Mate for so lovely a  
Pair! but think to how little  
purpose it will be for thee to stay  
till Nature shall form another of  
thy kind! In such beauties she  
exhausts her whole art, and  
cannot afford to be prodigal.  
Ages must be numbred, nay  
perhaps some Comet may vitrify  
this Globe on which we tread,  
before we behold a Castor and a  
Pollux resembling the beauteous  
Lindamira and Indamora. Nature  
forms her wonders for the Wife,  
and such a Master-piece she could  
design for none but a  
Philosopher. Cease then to display  
those beauties to the prophane  
Vulgar, which were created to  
crown the desires of

Your Passionate Admirer,



## MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

The Dwarf enter'd as he was reading the Letter, and perceiving his Master mov'd with passion, immediately fell on his knees and confes'd the whole affair. Mr. Randal bent on revenge, caus'd him to hasten to Martin's house, with assurances that Lindamira had read his Letter with infinite satisfaction, and conjured him that he would immediately favour her escape. Martin overjoy'd at the news, flew thither on the Wings of Love. The perfidious Dwarf conducted him up stairs in the dark, gently open'd the door, and bad him enter. How happy was Martin in that instant, who thought of nothing but leaping into the four soft arms of his Mistress! when lo, on a sudden he saw at the further end of the Room

two glitt'ring balls of Fire, which roll'd to and fro in a most terrible manner. Immediately his ears were invaded with horrid hissings and spitings, the balls of Fire drew nearer him, and the noise redoubled as he approach'd. Our Philosopher bold and resolute with love, ventur'd towards it; when all at once he perceiv'd something grasp him hard by the throat, and fix as it were sharp lances in his cheek, so that blood trickled amain down his chin. Thrice Martin essay'd to free himself, but vain were all his endeavours: till at length, to save his life, he was forced to betray his Intrigue, and alarm the house with reiterated cries of Murder. The apartment of the Bohemian Beauties being the adjoining Room, they were the first that enter'd with a light to his assistance. Martin all bloody as he was, a most fierce Cat-a-mountain

hanging at his chin, (which Mr. Randal had maliciously placed there on purpose) at the sight of Lindamira forgot his distress. Ah, my Love! (he cry'd) how like is thy fate to that of Thibbe! who staying but a moment too late, found, as she thought, her miserable Lover torn in pieces by a Savage beast! The affrighted Damselfs shriek'd aloud, Mr. Randal with all his Retinue rush'd into the room, and now every hand conspired to free his underjaw from the sharp teeth of the enraged-Monster. But the Lady, whose heart melted at the piteous Spectacle, was so zealous in this office of Humanity, that the Cat-a-mountain, provok'd at her good-natur'd diligence, leap'd furiously on her, and wounded three of her hands and her two noses, to such a barbarous degree that she was not fit to be shown publicly for the

space of three weeks. The generous Lover, more wounded at this Spectacle than at all the scratches he had himself receiv'd, charg'd the monster again with the utmost Intrepidity, and rescued his mangled Mistress. Then (having taken her by the hand, and given it a gentle grasp) he retreated with his eye fixed upon her, and just as he left the room (in a low and tender Accent) thus breath'd forth his Soul. *Behold, all this have I suffered for you.*

Such, and so modest was the first Declaration of Love, made on this eminent occasion by our youthful Philosopher. Nor was it ungently receiv'd by the simple and innocent Lindamira; who hitherto unus'd to the soft Protestations of adoring Slaves, had rather been wonder'd at than belov'd; and receiv'd but

imperfect notions of that tender language, from the Addresses only of the black Prince or the Dwarf.

Martin, notwithstanding this unfortunate adventure, still pursued his wishes. His Letters were now no more intercepted. Lindamira read them, and behav'd like other courteous dames when they receive those amorous Testimonials; conceal'd them from her Guardian, and return'd the most engaging answers. In short, she was so far captivated, as to resolve no longer to be gaz'd at like a publick Beauty in her own Assembly; but retire from the world, and become the virtuous Mistress of a Family.

But Fate had so ordain'd, that Martin was not more enamoured on Lindamira, than Indamora was on Martin. She, jealous that her Sister

had the greatest share in this conquest, repented that an equal application had not been made to herself. She teiz'd Lindamira to such a degree on this subject, as made her promise to see Martin no more. But then again might Indamora be deem'd the unhappiest of Women, whom her Passion and Imprudence had robb'd of the sight of her Lover. Yet shame caused her to conceal those anxieties from her Sister. And let the Reader judge how unhappy the Nymph must be, who was even depriv'd the universal Relief of a *Soliloquy*. However, thus she thought, without being allow'd to tell it to any Grove or purling Stream.

Wretched Indamora! if Lindamira must never more see Martin, Martin shall never again bless the eyes of Indamora: Yet why do I say

wretched? fince my Rival can never poffefs my Lover without me. The pangs that others feel in Abfence, from the thought of thofe Joys that blefs their Rivals, can never fting thy bofom; nor can they mortify thee by making thee a Witnefs, without giving thee at the fame time a fhare of their Endearments.

Change then thy proceeding, Indamora; thy Jealoufy muft act a new and unheard-of part, and promote the intereft of thy Rival, as the only way to the enjoyment of thy Lover.

From that moment fhe ftudied by all methods to advance her Sifter's Amour, and in that her own. And thus there appeared in thefe three Lovers as extraordinary a Conjunction of Paffions as of Perfons: Love had reconcil'd himfelf to his mortal foes, to Philofophy in



Martin, and to Jealousy in Indamora.

And now flourish'd the Amour of Martin; Success even prevented his wishes; the Marriage was agreed on, and the day appointed. Sunday was the time when Mr. Randal's Absence favour'd their hopes, who never on that day, omitted taking the fresh air in the fields: The key of the door he always took with him. *Crambe* was ready laid at a convenient distance, who accommodated them with a ladder of ropes. The ladder was thrown up, and the Signal given at the window. Lindamira hasten'd to the Alarm of Love, when behold a new Disaster! As she was getting out of the window, the weight of her body on one side, and that of Indamora's on the other, unluckily caused them to stick in the midway: Lindamira hung with her coats stript up to the navel without,



and Indamora in no less immodest posture within. The *Manteger*, who for his gentleness was allowed to walk at large in the house, was so heighten'd at this sight, that he rush'd upon Indamora like a barbarous Ravisher. Indamora cry'd aloud for help. Martin flew to revenge this insolent attempt, of a Rape on his wedding-day. The lustful Monster, driv'n from our double Lucrece, fled into the middle of the room, pursued by the valorous and indignant Martin. Three times the hot Manteger, frightened at the furious menaces of his Antagonist, made a circle round the chamber, and three times the swift-footed Martin pursued him. He caught up the *Horn* of a *Unicorn*, which lay ready for the entertainment of the curious spectator, and brandishing it over his head in airy circles, hurl'd it against

the hairy son of Hanniman; who  
wrinkling his brown forehead, and  
gnashing his teeth in indignation,  
stoop'd low: The horny Lance just  
raz'd his left shoulder, and stuck into  
the tapestry hangings. Provok'd at  
this the grinning Offspring of  
Hanniman caught up the pointed  
*Horn* of an *Antelope*, and aim'd a  
blow against his undismay'd  
Adversary. Our heroic Lover, who  
held his hat before him like a shield,  
receiv'd the weapon full on the  
Crown; it pierc'd the beaver, and  
gave a small rent to his breeches.  
Then the human Champion flung  
with mighty violence the hinder *foot*  
of an *Elk*, which hit the bestial  
Combatant full on the nether jaw.  
He reel'd, but soon recovering, and  
his skill in war lying rather in the  
close fight than in projectile  
weapons, he endeavour'd to close  
with him: Forthwith assailing him

behind unawares, he clamber'd up  
his back, and pluck'd up by the  
roots a mighty grasp of hair—but  
Martin soon dismounted him, and  
kept him at a distance. Love not  
only inspired his breast with  
Courage, but gave double strength  
to his sinews; he heav'd up the *hand*  
of a prodigious *Sea-Monster*; which  
when the chatt'ring Champion  
beheld, he no less furious, wielded  
the pond'rous *Thigh-bone* of a  
*Giant*. And now they stood oppos'd  
to each other, like the dread  
Captain of the sevenfold Shield and  
the redoubted Hector. The Thigh-  
bone mis'd its aim; but the hand of  
the *Sea-Monster* descended directly  
on the head of the Sylvian Ravisher.  
The Monster chatter'd horribly; he  
stretch'd his quiv'ring limbs on the  
floor; and eternal sleep lock'd fast  
his eyelids.

The Lady from the window, like another Helen from the Trojan wall, was witness of the Combat caused by her own beauty. She saw with what gracefulness her Hero enter'd the Lists, admir'd his activity and courage in the combat, and was a joyful witness of his Triumph: She gave a spring from the window, and with open arms and legs embraced the neck and shoulders of her Champion. Our Philosopher receiv'd her with his face turn'd modestly from her, and in that manner convey'd her into the street. He call'd a Chair with all haste, but no chairman would take her; which oblig'd him to bear his extraordinary burden till he found a Coach, in which he carried her off, and was happily united to her that very evening, by a Reverend Clergyman in the Fleet, in the holy Bands of Matrimony.

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## Notes

\* Pliny lib. 7. cap. 2. ↵

\* Pliny 16. ↵

† Aelian. lib. 4. cap. 2. Pliny lib. 11.  
cap 51. Pliny lib. 8. cap. 30. lib. 8.  
cap. 25. Aelian lib. 3. cap. 42.  
Aelian. lib. 1. cap. 49. Aelian. lib  
1. cap. 2. ↵

CHAP. XV.

Of the strange, and  
never to be parallell'd  
*Procefs* at *Law* upon the  
Marriage of *Scriblerus*,  
and the Pleadings of the  
Advocates.

BUT *Nemesis*, who delights in traversing the best-laid designs of Cupid, maliciously contrived the means to make these three Lovers unhappy. No sooner had the Master of the Show receiv'd notice of their flight, but he seiz'd on the Bohemian Ladies by a *Warrant*; and not content with having recover'd the Possession of them, resolv'd to open all the Sluices of the *Law* upon Martin. So he instantly went to Council to advise upon all possible methods of revenge.

The first point he proceeded on was the *Property* of his Monster, and the question propounded was, <sup>1</sup> "Whether Slaves could marry without the consent of their Master?" To this he was answer'd in the Affirmative, but told at the same time, "That <sup>2</sup> the Marriage did not exempt them from

Servitude."

This put him in no small hopes of having Martin added to his *Show*, and acquiring a property in his *Bodily iffue* by the Ladies. But his joy was soon dash'd, when he was inform'd, that since Martin was a Free Man, <sup>3</sup> " The children must follow the condition of the Father: or, that indeed, if they were to follow that of their Mother, the Case would be the same, there being no slavery in England."

Then his Counsel judg'd it more adviseable to plead for a *Diffolution* of the *Marriage*, upon the impossibility of Conjugal dues in the Wife. But then the *Canon Law* allow'd a *Triennial Cohabitation*, which entirely ruin'd this Project also. Besides it was evident by the same Law, that " Monstrosity could not



incapacitate from Marriage,"  
witness the Case of Hermaphrodites,  
who are allow'd "' *Facultatem*  
*Conjugii*, provided they make  
*Election* before the *Parish Priest*, in  
*what sex* they will act, and take an  
Oath never to perform in the other  
capacity." 1'

It was next consulted whether Mar-  
tin should not be permitted to *take*  
*away* his Wife? since upon his so  
doing "' he might be sued for a *Rape*  
upon the body of her *Sister*, there  
being plainly the *four conditions* of a  
2 *Rape*.'" But then again they confi-  
der'd, that Martin might answer he  
claim'd nothing but his own; and if  
another person had fix'd herself to  
his Wife, he must not for that cause  
be debarr'd the use of his Property.

Yet still, upon the same head of  
Martin's possessing his spouse, a Suit

might be devis'd in the name of Lindamira, on this account; <sup>3</sup> That a "*Wife* was not oblig'd to live with a *Concubine*, and such her Sister Indamora must be accounted to Martin from the common <sup>4</sup> Proofs." To this too it was reply'd, that the Law order'd the Wife to *reside* with the *Husband* if there were sufficient security given to expel the Concubine. So Martin might say he was ready to accomplish his part of the Covenant, if his wife would perform hers, and consent to the <sup>5</sup> Incision. But this being an impossibility on the side of the Wife, it could no way be exacted of the Husband.

At length Mr. Randal, being vexed at the heart, to have been so long and so quaintly disappointed, determin'd to commence a Suit against Martin for *Bigamy* and *Incest*. Mean while

he left no Artifice or Addrefs untry'd  
to perplex the unhappy Philosopher:  
He even contriv'd with infinite  
cunning, to alienate Indamora's  
affections from him; and debauch'd  
her into an Intrigue with a Creature,  
of his own, the black Prince; whom  
he ſecretly caus'd to marry her,  
while her Siſter was *aſleep*.

Hereupon Martin was reduc'd to  
turn *Plaintiff*, and commenc'd a Suit  
in the *Spiritual Court* againſt the  
black Prince, for Cohabitation with  
his ſaid wife. He was advis'd to inſiſt  
upon a new Point, (viz.) "' That  
Lindamira and Indamora *together*  
made up but *one* lawful wife."

The Monſter-maſter, further to di-  
ſtreſs Martin, forc'd Lindamira to pe-  
tition for Aliment, *lite pendente*:  
which was no ſooner allow'd her by  
the Court, but he oblig'd her to

alledge, that "' it was not sufficient to maintain both herself and her Sister; and if her Sister perish'd, she could not live with the dead body about her."

Martin now began to repent that he had not executed a resolution he formerly conceiv'd, of marrying *Crambe* to *Indamora*, as an Expedient to have made all secure. Moreover, it was insisted on, that the other also had a right to *Aliment*, "' because if Martin's Wife should prove with child, the said Sister must necessarily perform the *Offices* of a *wife*, in contributing to the *Nutrition* and *Gestation* of the said child." A Jury of Physicians being impanel'd, declar'd, that as to Nutrition they were doubtful, whether any blood of *Lindamira* circulated through *Indamora*: But as to Gestation, it was evidently true. And upon this,

Martin was order'd to allow Aliment to both, the Black Prince appearing *insolvent*.

Then the Court proceeded to the Trial. And as both the Cause and the Pleadings are of an extraordinary Nature, we think fit here to insert them at length.

Dr. Penny-feather thus pleaded for Martinus Scriblerus the Plaintiff.

Dr. PENNY-FEATHER.

" I appear before your Honour in behalf of Martinus Scriblerus, Bachelor of Physick, in a Complaint against Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, commonly called the black Prince of Monopotapa; Inasmuch as the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, hath maliciously, forcibly, and unlawfully seiz'd, ravish'd, and detain'd Lindamira-In-

damora, the wife of the said Martin, and the body of the said Lindamira-Indamora, from time to time ever since, hath wickedly, leudly, and indecently us'd, handled, and evil entreated. And in order to make this his Villainy more lafting, hath prefum'd to marry this our Wife, pretending to give his wickednefs the Sanction of a Law. And forasmuch as the Adulterer doth not deny the fact, but infifts upon his said Marriage as lawful, we cannot open the Cafe more plainly to your Honour, than by answering his Reasons, which indeed, to mention, is to confute.

" He maintains no lefs an abfurdity than this, that *One* is *Two*; and that Lindamira-Indamora, the individual wife of the Plaintiff, is not one, but two Perfons: And that the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw is not marry'd to

Lindamira, the wife of the said Martin, but to his own lawful wife Indamora, another individual Person distinct from the said Lindamira, tho' join'd to her by a strong Ligament of Nature."

In answer whereunto, we shall prove three things: " *First*, that the said Lindamira-Indamora, now our lawful wife, makes but one individual person."

" Secondly, that if they made two individual persons, yet they constitute but one wife."

" *Thirdly*, that supposing they made two individual persons, and two wives, each lawfully marry'd to her own husband, yet Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath no right to detain Lindamira our lawfully wedded wife, on pretence of being marry'd to In-

damora."

As to the first point: " It will be necessary to determine the *constituent Principle and Essence of Individuality*, which in respect of mankind, we take to be one simple identical soul, in one simple identical body. The individuality, sameness, or identity of the body, is not determin'd (as some vainly imagine) by one head, and a certain number of arms, legs, and other members; but in one simple, single [...], or member of Generation."

" Let us search Profane History, and we shall find Geryon with three heads, and Briareus with an hundred hands. Let us search Sacred History, and we meet with one of the sons of the Giants with six Fingers to each Hand, and six Toes to each Foot; yet none never



accounted Geryon or Briareus more than one Person: and give us leave to say, the wife of the said Geryon would have had a good action against any women who should have espous'd themselves to the two other heads of that Monarch. The Reason is plain; because each of these having but one simple [...], or one member of Generation, could be look'd upon but as one single person."

" In conformity to this, when we behold this one member, we distinguish the Sex, and pronounce it a *Man*, or a *Woman*; or, as the Latins express it, *unus Vir, una Mulier, une Homme, une Femme, One Man, One Woman*. For the same Reason Man and Wife are said to be one Flesh, because united in that part which constitutes the Sameness and Individuality of each sex."

" And as where there is but one Member of Generation, there is but one Body, so there can be but one Soul; because the said Organ of Generation is the Seat of the Soul; and consequently where there is but one such Organ, there can be but one Soul. Let me here say without injury to truth, that no Philosopher, either of the past or present age, hath taken more pains to discover where the Soul keeps her residence, than the Plaintiff, the learned Martinus Scriblerus: And after his most diligent enquiries and experiments, he hath been verily persuaded, that the Organ of Generation is the true and only *Seat of the Soul*. That this part is seated in the middle, and near the Center of the whole Body, is obvious to your Honour's view. From thence, like the Sun in the Center of the world, the Soul dispenses her warmth and vital influ-

ence: Let the Brain glory in the Wisdom of the aged, the Science of the learned, the Policy of the statesman, and the Invention of the witty; the accidental Amusements and Emanations of the Soul, and mortal as the Possessors of them! It is to the Organs of Generation that we owe Man himself; there the Soul is employ'd in works suitable to the Dignity of her Nature, and (as we may say) sits brooding over ages yet unborn."

" We need not tell your Honour, that it has been the opinion of many most learned Divines and Philosophers, that the Soul, as well as Body, is produc'd *Ex Traduce*. This doctrine has been defended by arguments irrefragable, and accounts for difficulties, without it, inexplicable. All which arguments conclude with equal strength, for the

Soul's being seated in the Organs of Generation. For since the whole man, both Soul and Body, is *there* form'd, and since nothing can operate but where it *is*, it follows that the Soul must reside in that individual place, where she exerts her generative and plaitick Powers."

" This our Doctrine is confirm'd by all those Experiments, which conspire to prove the absolute Dominion which that part hath over the whole Body. We see how many Women, who are deaf to the persuasions of the Eloquent, the insinuations of the Crafty, and the threats of the Imperious, are easily govern'd by some poor Logger-head, unfurnish'd with the least art, but that of making immediate application to this *Seat of the Soul*. The impressions made by the Ear are so distant, and transmitted thro' so many windings, that

they lose their Energy: But your Honour, by immediately applying to the Organ of Generation, acts like a bold and wife Petitioner, who goes straight to the *very Throne and Judgment-Seat* of the Monarch."

" And whereas it is objected, that here are *two Wills*, and therefore *two different Persons*; we answer, if Multiplicity of Wills imply'd multiplicity of Persons, there are few Husbands but what are guilty of *Poligamy*, there being in the same Woman great and notorious diversity of Wills: A Point which we shall not need to insist upon before any marry'd person, much less of your Honour's Experience."

" Thus have we made good our first and principal Point; That if the wife of the Plaintiff, Lindamira-Indamora, hath but *one* Organ of Generation,

He is but *one individual Person*, in the trueſt and moſt proper ſenſe of Individuality. And that the matter of Fact is ſo, we are willing to put upon a fair Trial by a Jury of Matrons, whom your Honour ſhall think fit to nominate and appoint, to inſpect the body of the ſaid Lindamira-Indamora."

" *Secondly*, we are to prove, that though Lindamira-Indamora were *two* individual Perſons, conſiſting each of a Soul and Body, yet if they have but one Organ of Generation, they can conſtitute but one Wife. For, from whence can the *Unity* of any thing be denominated, but from that which *conſtitutes* the *Effence* or principal *Uſe* of it? Thus, if a Knife or Hatchet have but one blade, though two handles, it will properly be denominated but one Knife, or one Hatchet; inasmuch as it hath but

one of that which constitutes the Effence or principal Use of a Knife or Hatchet. So if there were not only one, but twenty *Supposita Rationalia* with one common Organ of Generation, that one Syftem would only make one Wife. Upon the whole, let not a few Heads, Legs, or Arms extraordinary, biafs your Honour's Judgment, and deprive the Plaintiff of his legal Property: In which right our Client is fo ftrongly fortify'd, that allowing both the former Propositions to be false, and that there were two Perfons, two Bodies, two Rational Souls, yea, and two Organs of Generation, yet would it ftill be plain in the third place,"

" That the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, can have no Right to detain from the Plaintiff, his lawfully wedded *Wife*, Lindamira. For,

abstracting from the *Priority* of the marriage of our Client, by which it would seem he acquir'd a property in his Wife and *all other Matter inseparably annex'd unto her*, it is evident Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, by his marriage to Indamora, could never acquire any property in Lindamira; nor can produce any Cause why both of them should live with himself, rather than with the other? Therefore, we humbly hope your Honour will order the body of Our said Wife to be restor'd to us, and due Censure past on the said Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw."

Dr. Penny-feather having thus ended his Pleading, was thus answer'd by

Dr. LEATHERHEAD.

" I will not trouble your Honour with



any unnecessary Preamble, or false Colours of Eloquence, which Truth hath no need of, and which would prove too thin a Veil for Falsehood before the penetrating eyes of your Honour. In answer therefore to what our learned brother, Dr. Pennyfeather hath asserted, we shall labour to demonstrate,"

" *First*, That though there were but one Organ of Generation, yet are there two distinct persons."

" *Secondly*, That although there were but one Organ of Generation, so far would it be from giving the Plaintiff any right to the body of Indamora, the wife of Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, that it will subject the Plaintiff to the penalty of Incest, or of Bigamy."

" *Thirdly*, We doubt not to prove

that the said Lindamira-Indamora hath two distinct parts of Generation."

" And *First* we will shew, that neither the individual Essence of mankind, nor the Seat of the Soul, doth reside in the Organ of Generation; and this first from Reason. For unreasonable indeed must it be, to make that the Seat of the Rational Soul, which alone sets us on a level with beasts: or to conceive, that the Essence of Unity and Individuality should consist in that which is the Source of Discord and Division. In a word, what can be a greater absurdity, than to affirm Bestiality to be the Essence of Humanity, Darkness the Center of Light, and Filthiness the Seat of Purity?"

" We could from the authority of the most eminent Philosophers of all

ages, confirm this our Assertion; few of whom ever had the impudence to degrade this Queen, the Rational Soul, to the very lowest and vilest Apartment, or rather Sink of her whole Palace. But we shall produce a greater Authority than these, to manifest that personal Individuality did subsist, when there was no such generative Carnality."

" It hath been strenuously maintain'd by many holy Divines (and particularly by Thomas Aquinas) that our first Parents, in the state of Innocence, did in no wise propagate their species after the present common manner of men and beasts: but that the propagation at that time must have been by Intuition, Coalition of Ideas, or some pure and spiritual manner, suitable to the dignity of their station. And though the Sexes were distinguish'd in that

State, yet it is plain it was not by parts, ſuch as we have at preſent; ſince, if our Firſt Parents had any ſuch, they muſt have known it; And it is written, that they diſcover'd them not till after the Fall; when it is probable thoſe parts were the immediate Excreſcence of Sin, and only grew forth to render them fitter companions for thoſe a Beaſts among which they were driven."

" It is a Maxim in Philoſophy, that *Generatio unius eſt Corruptio alterius*: whence it is apparent that the Paradifaical Generation was of a different nature from ours, free from all Corruption and Imbecility. This is further corroborated by the Authority of thoſe Doctors of the Church who have aſſerted, that before the Fall, Adam was endow'd with a continual uninterrupted Faculty of Generation; which can be

explain'd of no other than of that *Intuitive Generation* above said: Since it is well known to all, the least skill'd in Anatomy, that the present (male) part of Generation is utterly incapable of this continual Faculty."

" We come now to our *second* point, wherein the Advocate for the Plaintiff asserteth, that if there were two persons, and one Organ of Generation, this System would constitute but one Wife. This will put the Plaintiff still in a worse condition, and render him plainly guilty of Bigamy, Rape, or Incest. For if there be but one such Organ of Generation, then both the persons of Lindamira and Indamora have an equal property in it; and what is Indamora's property cannot be dispos'd of without her consent. We therefore bring the whole to this short issue; whether

the Plaintiff *Martinus Scriblerus* had the *Consent* of Indamora, or *not*? If he hath *had* her consent, he is guilty of *Bigamy*; if *not*, he is guilty of a *Rape*, or *Incest*, or *both*."

" The Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, having been lately baptiz'd, hath with singular modesty abstain'd from Consummation with his said Wife, until he shall be satisfy'd from the opinion of your Honour, his learned Judge, how far in Law and Conscience he may proceed: And therefore he cannot affirm much, nor positively, as to the structure of the Organ of Generation of this his wife Indamora. Yet make we no doubt, that it will upon inspection appear, that the said Organ is distinct from that of Lindamira: Whereupon we crave to hear the Report of the Jury of Matrons, appointed to inspect the

body of the said gentlewoman."

" And if the Matter of Fact be thus, give me your Honour's permission to repeat what hath been said by the Advocate for the Plaintiff; to wit, that *Martinus Scriblerus*, Batchelor in Physick, by this his Marriage with *Lindamira*, could, in no wise, acquire any property in the body of Indamora; not shew any Cause why this duplicated Wife Lindamira-Indamora, should abide with him, rather than with the Defendant Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw of Monomotapa."

The Jury of Matrons having made their Report, and it appearing from thence that the Parts of Generation in Lindamira and Indamora were distinct; the Judge took time to deliberate, and the next Court-Day he spoke to this effect.



GENTLEMEN,

" I am of opinion that Lindamira and Indamora are distinct persons, and that both the Marriages are good and valid: Therefore I order you Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor in Physick, and you Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, Prince of Monomotapa, to cohabit with your wives, and to lie in bed each on the side of his own wife. I hope, Gentlemen, you will seriously consider, that you are under a stricter Tie than common Brothers-in-law; that being, as it were, Joint Proprietors of one common Tenement, you will so behave as good fellow-lodgers ought to do, and with great modesty each to his respective sister-in-law, abstaining from all further Familiarities than what Conjugal Duties do naturally oblige you to. Consider also by how small limits the Duty and the



Trespafs is divided, left, while ye dif-charge the duty of Matrimony, ye heedlefsly flide into the fin of Adultery."

This Sentence pleas'd neither Party; and Martin appeal'd from the Confiftory to the *Court of Arches*; but they confirm'd the Sentence of the Confiftory.

It was at laft brought before a *Com-miffion of Delegates*; who, having weigh'd the Cafe, revers'd the Sentence of the inferior Courts, and difannull'd the marriage, upon the following Reafons: "' That allowing the manner of Cohabitation enjoin'd to be practicable, (though highly inconvenient) yet the *Jus petendi & reddendi Debitum conjugale* being at all times equal in both hufbands and both wives, and at the fame time impoffible in more than one;

Two persons could not have a Right to the entire possession of the same thing, at the same time; nor could one so enjoy his property, as to debar another from the use of his, who has an equal right. So much as to the *Debitum petendi*, and as to the *Debitum reddendi*, *nemo tenetur ad impossibile.*"

Therefore the Lords, with great Wisdom, dissolv'd both Marriages, as proceeding upon a natural, as well as legal Absurdity.

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## Notes

1. *An Servi possint invitis Dominis Matrimonium contrahere?* ↵
2. *An Servus Matrimonio eximitur a Domini obsequio?* ↵
3. *An Liberi sequuntur conditionem Patris, an Matris?* ↵
1. Sanchez. Hostiens. Sylvest. ↵

2. *Violentia, Causa Libidinis,  
Traductio ad Locum, Mulier  
honestā.* ↵
3. *Uxor non tenetur vivere cum viro  
Concubinam tenente.* ↵
4. *Tactus, amplexus, cohabitatio.* ↵
5. *An Uxor tenetur Incisionem pati?*  
*Sanchez de Matrimonio.* ↵

CHAP. XVI.

Of the Seceſſion of  
*Martinus*, and ſome Hints  
of his *Travels*.

THIS affair being thus unhappily terminated, and become the whole Talk of the Town; Martinus, unable to support the Affliction, as well as to avoid the many disagreeable Consequences, resolv'd to quit the Kingdom.

But we must not here neglect to mention, that during the whole Course of this Process, his continual Attendance on the Courts in his own Cause, and his invincible Curiosity for all that pass in the Causes of others, gave him a wonderful insight into this Branch of Learning, which must be confest to have been so improved by the Moderns, as beyond all comparison to exceed the Ancients. From the day his first Bill was filed, he began to collect *Reports*; and before his Suit was ended, he had time abundantly

sufficient to compile a very considerable Volume. His Anger at his ill success caus'd him to destroy the greatest part of these *Reports*; and only to preserve such, as discover'd most of the Chicanery and Futility of the practice. These we have some hopes to recover, if they were only mislaid at his Removal; if not, the world will be enough instructed to lament the loss, by the only one now publick, viz. The *Case of Stradling and Stiles, in an Action concerning certain black and white Horses*.

We cannot wonder that he contracted a violent Aversion to the *Law*, as is evident from a whole Chapter of his Travels. And perhaps his Disappointment gave him also a Disinclination to the *Fair Sex*, for whom on some occasions he does not express all the Respect and

Admiration possible. This doubtless must be the Reason, that in no part of his *Travels* we find him belov'd by any *strange Princess*; nor have we the least account that he ever relaps'd into this Passion, except what is mention'd in the Introduction, of the *Spanish Lady's Phenomenon*.

It was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were? It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first Voyage he was carry'd by a prosperous Storm, to a Discovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmaean* Empire.

That in his second, he was as

happily shipwreck'd on the Land of the *Giants*, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he discover'd a whole Kingdom of *Philosophers*, who govern by the *Mathematicks*; with whose admirable Schemes and Projects he return'd to benefit his own dear Country, but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Ministers of *Queen Anne*, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he discovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almost to a Disgust of his Species; but above all, a mortal Detestation to the whole flagitious Race of *Ministers*, and a final Resolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to subject the Lands he



discover'd to the *Crown of Great Britain*.

Now if, by these hints, the Reader can help himself to a further discovery of the Nature and Contents of these Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am oblig'd by all the ties of honour not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary Voyages, into such very extraordinary Nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a Philosopher, a Politician, and a Legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain of a Merchant-man*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall fur-

ther observe, in every page of fuch a book, that cordial *Love of Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard to Truth*, that *Paffion* for his *dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princefs *Queen Anne*; furely that man deferves to be pity'd, if by all thofe vifible Signs and Characters, he cannot diftinguifh and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus*.

## CHAP. XVII.

Of the Discoveries and  
Works of the Great  
*Scriblerus*, made and to  
be made, written and to  
be written, known and  
unknown.

AND here it seems but natural, to lament the unfortunate End of the Amour of our Philosopher. But the Historian of these Memoirs on the contrary cries out, "' Happy, thrice happy day! which dissolved the Marriage of the great Scriblerus! let it be celebrated in every language, learned and unlearned! let the Latin, the Greek, the Arabian, the Coptic; let all the Tongues of many-languag'd men, nay of Animals, be employ'd to refound it! since to this we owe such immense discoveries, not only of Oceans, Continents, Islands, with all their Inhabitants, minute, gigantick, mortal, and immortal; but those yet more enlarged and astonishing Views, of worlds philosophical, physical, moral, intelligible, and unintelligible!"

Here therefore, at this great Period,

we end our first Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward, to that boundless Field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the Earth.

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou yet may'st owe, to this excellent Person, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called *The Philosopher of Ultimate Causes*, since by a Sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discover'd Effects in their very Cause; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Observations, hath been the Inventor of most of the modern Systems and Hypotheses.

He hath enrich'd Mathematicks with many precise and Geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He first discover'd the *Cause* of *Gravity*, and the intestine *Motion* of *Fluids*.

To him we owe all the observations on the *Parallax* of the *Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was, that first taught the right use sometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and sometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in resolving the grand Phaenomena of Nature.

He it was, that first found out the *Palpability* of *Colours*; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could distinguish the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing*

*Saddles*; the Method of discovering the *Longitude*, by *Bomb-Veffels*, and of increafing the *Trade-Wind* by vaft plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I fhall mention only a few of his Philofophical and Mathematical Works.

- 1. A compleat Digefit of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of thofe that are obfolete or repealed, and of thofe that are ready to be renew'd and put in force.
- 2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Univerfe, according to the Epicurean Hypothefis.
- 3. An Investigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Univerfe, with the proportion of the fpecifick Gravity of folid Matter to that of fluid.

- 4. Microscopical Observations of the Figure and Bulk of the constituent Parts of all fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.
- 5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will last before it be burn'd out.
- 6. A Method to apply the Force arising from the immense Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purposes.
- 7. An answer to the question of a curious Gentleman; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoin'd a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper,



considering that they pass a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

- 8. A Demonstration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over those of the Moon, if ever an intercourse should be open'd between them. With a Proposal of a *Partition-Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates, in case of such discovery.
- 9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.
- 10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determin'd by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingesta* and *Egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left

under dead walls, and dry  
ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the universal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be sufficient to show the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The first was a Proposal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the first crust or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere: The advantage he propos'd from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The second was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immense Light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude

as easy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Phyſick*. From the Age; Complexion, or Weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a Patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern Physicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menstruum to dissolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge-water*. His also was the device to relieve Consumptive or

Asthmatick persons by bringing fresh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the Native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable Intromission of such Steams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Physiognomy*, his penetration is such, that from the *Picture* only of any person, he can write his *Life*; and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Musick, Poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *Painters*, to

improve the *Likeness* of their Portraits by the use of such *Colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Musick*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

In *Poetry*, he hath appear'd under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Cast, for the most part Ironical, and the Drift of them often so delicate and refin'd as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a Persuasive to people to eat their own Children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part. He has often written against *Liberty* in the name of *Freemen* and *Algernoon Sydney*, in vindication of the Measures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praise of *Corruption* under those of *Cato*, and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a Bog-house near *St. James's*. Some however

have been with great diligence recover'd, and filh'd up with a hook and line by the Ministerial Writers, which make at present the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judg'd beneficial to Mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other in which Ostentation had no part. With what incredible Modesty he conceal'd himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he address'd sometimes Epistles, sometimes Hints, sometimes whole Treatises, Advices to Friends, Projects to First Ministers, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true Author, in the Course of these

Memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concern'd as *Plagiaries*, to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the publick, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent Passion at the appearance of this Work, as Persons most certainly involved in the Guilt.



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